Pursuit of the Rebels After Mission, Ridge.

THE ARMY REORGANIZED.

Remembrances of Sherman. McPherson and Thomas.

START FOR ATLANTA.

Roost.

BY BREVET MAJ.-GEN. WM. P. CARLIN, COLONEL 4TH U.S. INF.

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it beyond the power of early recovery. Sherman with his own special command, the Fourth Corps under Gen. Gordon Granger, retain it after it was won. and Gen. Jeff. C. Davis's Division, Gen. Howard's Corps, the Fourteenth Corps under Maj.-Gen. John M. Palmer, and Hooker's think of what I shall next write about. command, all set out on the 26th of November on the various roads leading from Chattanooga to the east, northeast and south.

lieved that part of the retreating forces of | This last class were more bitter and Bragg were near us on the road passing UNFRIENDLY TOWARDS THE UNION CAUSE woods to the road last mentioned, and I was it was a pleasure to return to my command alyzing. I dreaded it for this reason alone. my command, but had come opposite Stoughturned to the left and proceeded some dis-

DEAFENING ROAR OF MUSKETRYmore retreating troops; but none could be riors and inferiors—was his. Yet it was found. Just at that time, as we learned next morning, Gen. Gist's Division was cross- world to know all of which he was capable. But what it was all about I could not find ing the Chickamauga at Grayville. They He died too soon on the bloody field. took the alarm, threw their cannon into Chickamanga Creek, and took another road towards Ringgold in great confusion and fright. As Stoughton's volley had effectually frightened all Confederates from that road. cheers from them wherever he appeared and opposers whomsoever," he meant that wooded country via Burnt Hickory towards | CENTER BRIDGE, BUCKS CO., PA.

there broke out on the still air a most

But all who ever fought in the Army of the only where a commensurate good could be Cumberland knew that when Cleburne's reasonably expected. He was never rash or Division was opposed to his own command careless of the lives of his men. very hard fighting had to be done in order to avoid a repulse. So it was at Taylor's the gratitude of the loyal people, he refused Ridge. With all of Hooker's dash and energy | all valuable gifts offered to him by individand the courage and perseverance of his | uals and associations. He was a plain, simple, troops. Cleburne held the ridge till the rebel | sincere and honest man. He was just to all, army had gotten safely out of the way, when and in all things. Of course, the Army of he gave up the gap in the ridge and fol- the Cumberland was well pleased to have lowed on as rear-guard. A part of my bri- Thomas for their leader. Thomas had also gade was taken up the ridge on Cleburne's the good sense to select a staff that was right flank. I suppose this move was ordered | really a support and help to him. In Brig.with the view of turning Cleburne's flank. | Gen. Wm. D. Whipple, his Chief of Staff, he He retreated before my troops were called | had an officer who combined great ability The Fights Around Buzzard on to do much fighting. The pursuit ended with unusual zeal for the cause. here so far as we were concerned, and we returned in a short time to Chattanooga.

At last It had cost us many valuable lives and many millions of treasure, but its possession was indispensable to the further prosecution of The defeat of the Confederate army in the war. The talent of Rosecrans and the front of Chattanooga was so thorough that | courage of the Army of the Cumberland had pursuit of its retreating fragments was ex- | won it; but the stubbornness and luck of pedient and practicable from every point of Grant, the impetuosity of Sherman, the firm. I had a little account with the bank, view, and Grant accordingly sent out his steady and deliberate calculation of Thomas, capturing a portion at least, or of crippling brave men, representing the entire loval portion of the United States, from the farthest East to the farthest West, were necessary to

Chattanooga, I propose to rest awhile and

For more than two years I had been constantly in the field, and had passed almost unscathed through many bravely contested vision of the Mississippi after the promotion Hooker and Palmer were to strike for Ring- | conflicts of arms; had marched through heat | of Grant. gold, a town where the railroad to Atlanta | and cold, nearly a thousand miles in a hospasses through Taylor's Ridge. Johnson's tile country, and certainly at this time-Division—the First of the Fourteenth Corps | about Dec., 1863—the prospects of a restored | roads | from Louisville to Nashville, and consisting of King's, Stoughton's and Car- Union and peace were gloomy enough. The thence to Chattanooga to their utmost exlin's Brigades-took a road leading to Gray- chief question was this: Would the North- ertions for some weeks-accumulated supville, Ga., on the Chickamauga Creek. On ern States continue to furnish the men and plies for the army, he set the whole in moreaching the West Chickamauga we found the money requisite to prosecute the war to tion about the 12th of May, 1864, with a that the bridge had been destroyed by the a successful end? In the army, while there view of attacking the rebel army under retreating enemy. A temporary structure | was more or less discouragement, there were | Gen. J. E. Johnston, then holding the passes was built, that enabled us to cross. We next | few if any who did not believe we would | in the mountains leading to Dalton. The arrived at Peavine Creek, which we also succeed in destroying or capturing the Con- Army of the Cumberland was to threaten to were compelled to bridge. This delayed our federate troops, if the loyal States should march several hours, and was very unfortu- persevere sufficiently long. But how long, Roost, about six miles north of Dalton. The nate; for otherwise we would have had an no one dared say. At this time I made a Army of the Ohio was to move by way of opportunity to strike the enemy in a favor- brief visit to Illinois, and saw and heard Cleveland. Tenn., down towards Dalton, able position, and could have accomplished much that was discouraging. There were along the Western & Atlantic Railroad. The results worth having. Night came on soon many that did not believe we could succeed, Army of the Tennessee was to pass through after crossing Peavine Creek, but it was be- and some who did not desire that we should.

he could have been. But it was dark; the no sympathy for the Union cause or those Roost, and maintained a sharp fight with the ground was covered with trees; it was im- who were risking their lives in its defense. enemy on the northeast face of Buzzard Roost. possible to tell whether the troops marching | Of course, there were exceptions everywhere. | The enemy's artillery played on my brigade on that road were Federal or Confederates, This was in the Winter of 1863-4, when in a very lively fashion. As it was utterly but they could be plainly heard talking and strenuous efforts were being made by South- impracticable to drive the enemy from a porattling their canteens and other equipments. ern sympathizers to divide the Northern sition of such natural strength, Gen. Thomas The rolling of artillery wheels on the road people and weaken the Government through deemed it advisable to withdraw the brigade could also be heard. But the responsibility such division. Returning in Jan., 1864, or from that point. It was probably not Sherof firing into a body of troops that might about the first of that month, we had nought man's intention to pass through Buzzard possibly be our own friends was almost par- to do but await orders. In February a de- Roost unless it could be done without great monstration was made towards Dalton, to loss. But I pushed my brigade forward to this ascertain the strength and intentions of the road. The troops we heard had passed by rebel commander, Gen. J. E. Johnston. There was sharp skirmishing at Tunnel Hill, re- fronting Rocky Face and to pass around ton's Brigade. Upon reaching the road I sulting in the loss of a number of officers through Snake Creek Gap and attempt to and men. Col. Mihalotzy was killed. Gen. seize the railroad at Resaca, Ga.; and actance up towards Grayville, directing the Thomas was satisfied from this reconnais- cordingly we were soon on the march along 42d Ind., Col. McIntyre commanding, to fol- sance that Dalton was still strongly held by the west base of Rocky Face towards Snake low me in line of battle, the remainder of Johnston, and that he was not weakening Creek Gap. On reaching this important the brigade remaining parallel to the road. his position for the purpose of strengthening pass we found that McPherson had caused Taking one Orderly (Private W. H. Surles) any other army. Shortly after the repulse his troops to make a good road through it. with me, I rode perhaps 100 yards towards of Bragg from Chattanooga, Grant had re- After passing through the gap, just at the Grayville, when the head of a column of turned east to the Army of the Potomac, mouth of it, about two miles from Resaca, troops was discovered through the darkness. and Sherman had gone to Vicksburg and we found McPherson's headquarters. I met Col. Meintyre, advancing in front of his started on his famous raid to Meridian, him and had a few words of conversation regiment, challenged the leading horseman which seemed to paralyze all the rebel with him. He seemed to have met with of this column-it was impossible to see armies while it lasted. Having destroyed some disappointment at Resaca, and had not what uniform they were or what flag they the railroad from Vicksburg east to Merid- the genial smile that had always lighted up carried. They quietly went to the right- ian, it was easy for him to move the troops his countenance when I had seen him before. about and disappeared in the darkness. I then lying along the Mississippi River to Although in the same army with him for sent Surles out along the road to scout for Chattanooga, from which point he was to two months after that, I do not remember what he could find, giving him my overcoat set out with his grand army, composed of speaking to him or meeting him after that to wear, in order to disguise himself. He three co-ordinate armies, for the purpose of day, though I did see him once near Kenewent perhaps 200 yards on the road to Gray- disemboweling the Confederacy. This move- saw Mountain. ville, and was returning when he passed a ment commenced in May, 1864. The Army My brigade was pushed through a very group of mounted men. One of them de- of the Tennessee, formerly commanded by rough, broken and wooded region for two or manded what corps and regiment he be- Grant and Sherman in succession, was now three miles till we came near the railroad longed to. Surles replied that he was car- under the leadership of Maj.-Gen. McPher- and the rebel position; for Johnston had rying an order to the corps commander, and son. To speak of McPherson in terms of found out Sherman's plan, and was not slow rode on without stopping to give further in- moderation is very difficult. I had known to checkmate him by moving on the shorter formation. They did not stop him, for of him from the time he was 18 years old, when line to positions on the railroad in front of course they could not see whether he was a he first came to West Point from Ohio as a Snake Creek Gap. We found the enemy in-Federal or Confederate. About this time Cadet, in 1848. As an officer of engi- trenched on a wooded ridge just east of a neers, I had met him at San Francisco, Cal., deep creek. Gen. Butterfield's Division of when he was constructing the defensive | the Twentieth Corps came up on my right; about 300 yards further down the road to- works on Alcatraz Island. This was in Scribner's Brigade was on my left. I made wards Ringgold. It seemed to come from 1860. In 1861 he was on the staff of Maj .- an assault on the enemy's position at this at least an entire brigade. It must have Gen. Halleck at St. Louis when I was in point, but he held it firmly. Lieut.-Col. been heard for miles around in all directions. | command at Pilot Knob, Mo., and he visited | Montgomery, of the 33d Ohio, was badly It turned out that it was Stoughton's Bri- me in that capacity. Then he joined Grant wounded here. The loss of my brigade was gade, which had learned the location of a in Tennessee, and rose rapidly to the rank pretty heavy in this assault. When night Confederate command bivouacked tempo- of Major-General of Volunteers and to the rarily alongside of the road. There was no command of a great army. His was a most return to this fire. Stillness returned as loveable disposition. He had proved himsuddenly as it had been broken. I then rode self thus far superior to every position he off the road some two or three hundred yards | had ever held. The surest guarantee of sucover open ground to see or to hear of any cess-the universal confidence of his supe-

> The Army of the Tennessee had reached its position on the right of Sherman's grand

> never permitted his friends or himself, or the

GEN. THOMAS. The Army of the Cumberland constituted we lay down on the ground and staid till the center. It is needless to say who was morning, when we resumed our march to its commander. Thomas needs no introductime and again. Johnston would have his Ringgold. Hooker was somewhat ahead of tion. Thomas I regard as one of the few us, and had struck the enemy at that place. | men who were above eulogy. It tends to We arrived at Taylor's Ridge just after | belittle him when one begins to praise him. Hooker's advance had begun an assault on The best and only eulogy that should ever the rear-guard of the enemy posted on that be passed on Thomas is a simple statement ridge under Gen. Cleburne. Hooker was of his actions. Although a Virginian and a galloping up and down his line in his showy slaveholder, he decided that under his oath uniform and in plain view of the enemy. of office his allegiance was due to the United His manner was such as to excite the ad- States, and that when he swore to "defend fortunately, I think, Sherman preferred to miration of his soldiers and to draw forth | the United States against all their enemies | turn his position by moving through the

When success as a commander had won

The third army composing the grand combination was that of the Ohio, commanded by Maj.-Gen. John M. Schofield. This army CHATTANOOGA WAS IRREVOCABLY OURS. consisted chiefly of the Twenty-third Corps -Gen. J. D. Cox, commanding.

GEN. SHERMAN. I had met William Tecumseh Sherman for the first time in the suspended bank of Lucas, Turner & Co., in St. Louis, in the year 1857. Sherman was, or had been, a member, of that and was accompanied there and introduced Henry S. Turner and Maj. Sherman. The last named had but recently arrived from California, where he attended to the business of the firm. Sherman had little to say to And now that we have reached and won anybody, and looked rather cross. Finally, he did exclain: "Well, I would rather be anything in this world than a member of a broken bank!" He was in all men's eyes the fit man to command the Military Di-

OPENING THE CAMPAIGN. pass through Rocky Face Ridge at Buzzard Snake Creek Gap and seize the railroad at Resaca or at the crossing of the Ooltawah River. Johnson's Division (First Division, through Grayville to Ringgold. Palmer and Union soldiers than the average South- Fourteenth Corps) took an active part in the urged me to move my brigade through the ern secessionist. When my visit was over, attack on Rocky Face Ridge, and my brigade ascended to the very summit of the mouncertainly as eager to intercept the enemy as again and to leave a region where there was tain on the west side and south of Buzzard

> It soon became known that the Fourteenth Corps was to be withdrawn from the position

came a tremendous contest seemed to be raging on my left between Col. B. F. Scribner's Brigade and the enemy. As there was no show of life among the enemy in my front, I wondered what was the matter with Scribner. I rode over to his position to make inquiry. There I met the gallant Colonel cheering on his men and apparently enjoying the fight. out, as I could neither see nor hear any return fire. That night Johnston made the first of that long series of skillful retreats

that marked the character of the CAMPAIGN TO ATLANTA-Sherman advancing and Johnston retreating. The same or similar operations were repeated earthworks prepared in advance, and would retreat to them, when he could no longer hold his position, without a battle. Near Cassville he drew up his army to give battle. but changed his mind and retreated. Taking up the strong position of Allatoona, he would doubtless have fought there if Sherman had given him the opportunity; but

Hooker's troops made a very gallant assault and nothing less. He was faithful and true Dallas and New Hope Church, and striking on the enemy who held Taylor's Ridge. Col. in small things and great actions. He never the railroad again at Big Shanty, south of AVIIVI Creighton, of an Iowa regiment, was killed. sacrificed a man to his own glory. He fought Allatoona. Johnston threw his army in front of Sherman at Dallas and New Hope Church, and there was much sharp fighting. The Story of the War Retold for Our At Little Pumpkinvine Creek my brigade was stubbornly resisted. Here Capt. R. C. Wagner, the Adjutant-General of my brigade, was killed. Here Gen. Thomas, with several of his staff, came up to my position and examined the ground. Some bullets struck the ground near Gen. Thomas while he was inspecting the enemy's position and works in my front. He paid no attention to the bullets till he had finished his inspection of the works through his spy-glass, when he deliberately turned to his left and gave a quizzical look at the ground where the oullets had fallen.

I do not care to give dates or even places n this long and wearing campaign. It was here at New Hope Church, as the scene of this fight was called, that a single cannonball, as I now remember the circumstances,

without severely injuring either, viz. : Mai. Gen. O. O. Howard, commanding Fourth Corps; Brig.-Gen. R. W. Johnson, commanding First Division, Fourteenth Corps, and Brig.-Gen. J. H. King, commanding a brigade in the First Division, Fourteenth Corps. Gen. Howard, as I remember it now, had a foot bruised, and was compelled to wear slippers for several days. It was at Pine Mountain along in June, I believe, that Lieut .-Gen. Leonidas Polk, Confederate army, armies on all practicable reads in hopes of backed up by an army of perhaps 75,000 by Col. J. L. D. Morrison to James H. Lucas, Bishop of Louisiana, was killed by a cannonball from one of our batteries. Some Confederate wrote a note and attached it to a pole stuck in the ground, saying, "You ---Yankee -, you have killed our beloved Gen. Polk."

Here and there on this weary and wearing march those ministering angels, the agents of the Sanitary Commission, made their appearance. They always had a little of something that we could get nowhere else. It might be only a potato or an onion, or a little bottle of blackberry or gooseberry wine; but it was always many times welcome. It reminded us of home. It told us that our people were thinking of us and Corps to re-enforce the troops on Cemetery caring for us.

[To be continued.]

SCATTER GARLANDS. [The following poem, for Memorial exercises on Decoration Day, is respectfully dedicated to the G.A.R., and written by Col. J. Holmes Grover ("Mark Dow"), late U. S. Consul to Italy.]

Scatter garlands o'er their graves, O'er the sod of honored braves, Who fought and bled in freedom's cause, Who fell in guarding Union laws, Who sallied forth with might and main, Who never reached their homes again; Who nobly did our banner shield, Who died as heroes on the field, Who gave their lives, oh! honored braves!-

Scatter garlands over their graves. Spread roses o'er the fathers' pall, Who early to the bugie's call Went forth with zeal, went forth with ire, Went forth with patriotic fire, Went forth with locks of silver'd gray, Went forth to battle's fierce array. Went forth the martyr'd ranks to swell

Went forth where horse and hero fell, Went forth his country's earliest call Spread roses o'er that father's pall. Twine garlands fresh around the tomb, Where lies the youth in slight gloom; The youth who left a mother's side, The youth who to the bat es hied, The youth who never had a care,

The youth who never knew despair, The youth who braved the cannons' roar The youth who fell with thousands more; The youth who rests in silent gloom— Twine garlands fresh around his tomb.

Scatter garlands o'er the sod, Where in youth each hero trod; Where, ere war had thundered loud, Where he who now lies in his shroud, Where he, with all he once held dear, Where, silently, he shed a tear, Where, leaving all, he marched away, Where thundered loud the battle's fray, Where now we weep, he often trod-Seatter garlands o'er the sod.

Scatter garlands where they lie, They whose names can never die; They whose lives so brightly shone, They whose souls go marching on, They whose souls go marching on, They whose mem'ry ne'er can fade, They who at the last parade. They who, when the trumpets call. They whose names shall sline on high-

Scatter garlands where they lie. Scatter garlands far and wide, Died for country and her right, Died where bayonets glimmered bright, Died from mother, sister, wife, Died from dearest ties of life, Died amid the hero band. Died without a soothing hand, Died the aged father's pride-

Strew fresh flowers o'er each mound, O'er the cold and cheerless ground; O'er the friendly, o'er the foe, O'er all who did to battle go: O'er the rich and o'er the poor, O'er the just and evil-doer, O'er the father, o'er the son O'er the grave of every one; O'er the coid, unwelcome ground-Strew fresh flowers o'er each mound.

FOR THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. THE GIRLS WE LEFT BEHIND US.

BY DR. J. E. WALTER. We stood where Rappahannock flows; The evening shades were falling, And screaming fife and rolling drum To dress parade were calling. Upon that cheerless, bleak hillside We shivered while we liftened. And watched blue-coated columns move, Where swords and bayonets glistened,

Parade was formed-the lines at rest; And then was read the order Which, ere another day was past, Would send us o'er the border; Would hurl us on the rebei foe, Beyond the rushing river, To stamp the name of Freeericksburg On Fame's broad seroll ferever.

And while we stood there, o'er the hills-Its sweet notes rising, falling-Floated a dear familiar strain To thoughts of home recalling; Breathed of "The girls we'd left behind," Among the Northern meadows Where then, we knew, they thought of us Amid the gathering shadows,

They thought of us, but could not know That on the fateful morrow. Ten thousand maimed and slain would bring The Nation added sorrow.

To-morrow eve, o'erwheimed with grief— Their dear eyes dim with weeping-They'd mourn the heroes then, alas! In gory vestments sleeping.

But soon the sweet strain died away; The night wind sighed around us; And soon, in slumbers blessed chains, The god of sleep had bound as. But while our bodies rested there Upon the ground, hard frozes. Our souls sped northward, so we dreamed, To the mates that they had chosen.

Dear girls; above our throbbing hearts Your pictured faces, smiling. Cheerd us on many a tollsome march, The lagging hours beguiling.

And 'mid the battle's smolre and din, Where men like fiends contended, Your forms and faces, dear as life. With our hopes and fears were blended.

For us sounds reveille no more; And now no long rell's rattle
E'er breaks the stillness of the night,
Or warns of coming battle.
No cannon's crashing thunder sets
The startled echos flying
Along the valleys, neath whose sods
Our slaughtered braves are lying.

"Grim visaged war hath smoothed his front";
Peace, white winged, hovers o'er us,
And down the coming years, we trust,
Our paths lie smooth before us;
But rough or smooth, if need shall be,
Our country still may find us
Upon the march, in double files,
With the girls we left behind us.

Boys and Girls.

PICKETT'S GREAT CHARGE

High Tide in the Wave of Rebellion.

VICTORY. MEADE'S

The Way Lee Took His Great Defeat.

BY "CARLETON." [COPYRIGHTED .- ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.] LXIV.

To the Boys and Girls of the United States:

You have seen a breakwater, perhaps, at the entrance of a harbor. A storm comes on. The billows dash against it. They are rolled back, tossed high in air, disappear in mist. But the solid masonry is shaken at last; piece-meal it crumbles and wears

On the second day at Gettysburg the Third Corps, along the Emmittsburg road, was just such a barrier to Longstreet's advance. The masonry was broken down, but when night came on the position on the left, which Lee desired to secure, was as far from his reach as in the morning.

On Culp's Hill he had been successful, but fard. only through the withdrawal of the Twelfth Ridge.

What next shall be done? is the great question ever confronting a General in battle. Gen. Lee, encouraged by the report from Ewell that he was in possession of the Union intrenchments on Culp's Hill, made preparation to hold it. In the darkness the re-enforcements march along Rock Creek and come into position north of the hill.

CONSULTATION. Corps were cut to pieces. Thousands of hurl them like a thunderbolt upon the Union stragglers have made their way toward troops south of Ziegler's, divide the Union Baltimore. In the fight of the second day, lines at the center, folding the two halves the Third Corps, small at the beginning, has | back-one upon Little Round Top, the other frightful sacrifice. The Sixth and Twelfth folding doors, thus winning the victoryalone are fresh. Gen. Meade holds a con- smiting Meade by a single crushing blow, sultation of his corps commanders. The then following upon the heels of the fleeing majority are opposed to retreating. To troops to seize Baltimore and fling out the

great losses, Lee's have been greater. "The army has retreated too often, and we may as well fight it out here as anywhere | eyes of the world. else," said Hancock.

I walked along the lines and talked with the soldiers. "We may as well die here as anywhere

else," said an officer. "We shall lick them yet," said a soldier. GETTING READY.

The Twelfth Corps is lying in the pastures along the Baltimore turnpike. On the two take part in the struggle. Anderson's batteries of the Reserve Artillery, the cannon | fresh, having taken but little part since the | and horror to the scene. pointing north, to rain shells upon the woods afternoon of the first day. With such a where the Confederates are lying.

The clouds hang low upon the hills. It is the last great blow. an announcement to Gen. Lee that the Union army is to fight it out upon the spot; that, instead of being disheartened, it is about to put forth its aggressive strength.

Riding up from the turnpike and emerging from a grove the scene bursts upon me. Baltimore turnpike to head off the Confed-The Cemetery, Powers's Hill and McAllis- erate cavalry, which had been seen from ter's Hill south of the turnpike are aflame. Cemetery Hill moving east. It was plain sending shells into the green wood north of | that Stuart was intending to make a raid the turnpike. There are a few musket shots upon Meade's rear and capture the trains. in the woods upon the hill from the skir- Kilpatrick was ordered to go south of Round mishers. Slocum's troops are preparing for | Top and attack Longstreet's right flank.

Little Round Top at sunset returned to the | Division moved south and Gregg's east. 1 | Top and from the Third, Fifth and Sixth Corps Baltimore turnpike at 11 in the night.

Greene's Brigade of Geary's Division is holding the western slope of the hill; Kane's | Confederate cavalry. and Candy's Brigades are next in line: Ru-Rock Creek: Lockwood's Brigade faces north, McDougall's northwest, Colgrove's 5,000 men.

Crossing the creek we see Neill's Brigade of the Sixth Corps holding the left of the line. In the rear of Geary is Shaler's Brigade of the Sixth Corps.

reply to the Union guns, but his troops, shel- road. The house of Mr. Reeves stands at tery in the Cemetery. The Confederate line tered by the thick forest and the breastworks. | the crossing. suffer little from the cannonade. But an artillery fire long sustained is demoralizing It is in the fields of Mr. Rummel, on the to the best-trained troops, though they have ridge west, that the great struggle begins marched to victory under a leader like Stonewall Jackson. THE STRUGGLE.

grove between the turnpike and Rock Creek -the 27th Ind. on the right; then the 2d Mass. They are to charge across the marshy

lowland and the brook which winds through it, to strike the left of the Confederate line, fight, charges and countercharges, men It is but a few rods. Five minutes will suf- and horses going down in heaps, ending fice to carry them across the meadow. The in victory for Gregg; Stuart falling back signal is given. They move on. There comes | beyond Cress Run, toward Gettysburg, foiled | a volley. Men drop, but the living go for- in his attempt. ward upon the run.

I see Col. Colgrove's Brigade forming in a

Five minutes, and the remnant drifts back-broken, shattered.

On a granite boulder near the eastern edge only by an occasional shot from the pickets Men fire into each other's faces, not five feet

the survivors of the 2d Mass. __ Ot reads: | ing into position. "From the hill behind this monument, on the morning of July 3, 1863, the 2d Mass. Inf. made an assault upon the Confederate troops in the works at the base of Culp's Hill opposite. The regiment carried into the charge 22 officers and 294 enlisted men. It lost four officers and 41 enlisted men killed, and six

officers and 84 enlisted men wounded." Back over the meadow they retreat, followed by the exultant Confederates; but, though shattered and broken, they reform amid the trees, face about and become an adamantine wall-those men of Massachusetts and Indiana-strewing the ground with Confederate dead by their deliberate volleys.

Johnson's whole division surges down upon Geary and Ruger, but is driven back to the shelter of the woods. From 7 till 11 the contest goes on, the Union troops persistently advancing; pushing, at last, the Confederates from the intrenchments gained so easily the night before.

Notwithstanding Ewell's oath to gain the Baltimore pike, he has been compelled to yield, losing three stand of colors and 500 men taken prisoners, besides the killed and wounded.

Once more the Union line is intact, holding its chosen ground. It has taken the offensive and recovered its lost possessions.

LEE'S LAST PLAN. Gen. Lee has attacked on both flanks, and though he has driven the Third Corps from the Emmittsburg road, in reality he has What next shall he do?

we see him reconnoitering the ground with Longstreet, and conversing with Gen. Wof-

"I nearly reached the crest of the Ceme-

"Can you not do it now?" "No, General, I hink not."

"Why not?" "Because the enemy has had all night to intrench and re-enforce. I had been pursuing a broken enemy, but now the situation

is entirely different." The Cemetery Ridge south of Ziegler's Grove is lower than the ground by Cordori's house. Gen. Lee believes that he can open Gen. Meade through the night is turning fire with all his artillery upon the Union over the great question as to what shall be lines from an assaulting column in the done. Ought not the army to fall back to a woods west of Codori's house; that when stronger position, where, joined by re- the Union line has been demoralized by the enforcements, it can make victory sure? In cannonade he can sweep the troops across the first day's battle the First and Eleventh | the field west of the Emmittsburg road, suffered fearful loss. The Fifth has made upon Culp's fini as he would open two retreat will be acknowledgment of defeat; flag of the Confederacy above the dome of the army is not defeated. If it has suffered the Capitol. Such a victory on Northern soil, in the heart of Pennsylvania, surely will make the Confederacy a Nation in the

I do not say that all this came to Gen. Lee as he planned his last great movement, but such we can see would have been a possible sequence of events.

He has one division (Pickett's, of Longstreet's Corps) which has taken no part in the battle. The troops have arrived from Chambersburg. They are fresh and eager to

a sultry morning. I hear two guns, deep | The Union Signal officer on Round Top, and heavy, breaking the stillness of the early | looking westward over fields and groves, can morning. Two more, and then the uproar | see the Confederate troops gathering in the begins. They are Union cannon disturbing | woods south of the Seminary. He catches the silence. Gen. Meade has taken the offens- glimpses of batteries coming into position. ive, determined to recover Culp's Hill. It is Gen. Meade comprehends that the storm is to burst forth once more.

THE CAVALRY. I was near Rock Creek, talking with Gen. Gregg and Gen. Kilpatrick. An Aid rode up. gave a verbal order for Gregg to go down the

The four brigades which left Culp's Hill on, boys!" shouted Kilpatrick. The clear obliques to the northeast, driven in part by the and went upon the double-quick toward | notes of the cornet rang out and Kilpatrick's | fire rolling in upon his flank from Little Round north into the field we come in sight of the

Gregg has three regiments of McIntosh's ger's Division occupies the ground east to Brigade, Costar's and Irvin Gregg's Brigades, Randol's and Pennington's batteries, -almost

A road runs north from the Baltimore

A mile north is the house of Mr. Rummel. and goes on.

Confederate sharpshooters take possession of Rummel's barn; but Lieut. Chester, com- tery is lost to view, covered with sulphurous manding a section of Randol's battery, sends | clouds, flaming and smoking, and thundering a shell through it, driving them out.

to give in detail all that took place in Rummel's fields; it was a fierce and obstinate THE ARTILLERY.

of the meadow stands a tal a sted by or the rumbling of artillery carriages wheel-

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Along the Union lines we see Osborne's bat-

teries crowning Cemetery Hill-Dilger's, Bancroft's, Eakin's, Wheeler's, Hill's, Tuft's and Edgell's,-42 guns,-a portion of which can deliver an enfilading fire upon the Confederates when they move to the charge. On the left of the Cemetery are Woodruff's, Arnold's, Cushing's, Brown's, Rorty's and Thomas's batteries of the Second Corps,-36 guns,-which point west toward Codori's house, and which will hurl canister directly into the faces of the Confederates. Farther down, east of Trostle's house, are McGilvery's batteries-Thompson's, Phillips's, Hart's, Sterling's, Banks's, Dow's, Ames's and Cooper's,-48 guns,-which will deliver a cross-fire with those in the Cemetery. On Little Round Top are Gibbs's and Hazlitt's, which send their shells over all the field.

Going down the Emmittsburg road we see Col. Alexander place six of the Confederate reserve batteries of Longstreet's Corps along the Emmittsburg road and in the Peach Orchard; then come the batteries of Maj. Walton and Maj. Henry-in all 138 pieces of artillery -pointed to give a converging fire mainly upon the Union lines east of Codori's.

THE TROOPS. Through the silent hours Gen. Meade has been preparing for the expected assault. Robinson's Division of the First Corps is in Ziegler's Grove-the brigades of Paul and Baxter, which stood the ordeal of the first day's battle

on Seminary Ridge. Hay's Division of the Second Corps holds the line south of Robinson for 1,000 feet. The front line is behind a low stone wall; the rear line is east of the crest of the ridge. The front line of Webb's, Hall's and Harrow's Brigades of gained nothing. A critical hour has come. Gibbon's Division are behind a rail fence. The soldiers have taken down the rails and laid Going over to the Theological Seminary | them upon the ground. They have scooped out a shallow trench and are lying in it, with their muskets resting on the rails. Doubleday's Division of the First Corps holds the ground beyond, with Stanuard's Brigade of Vermonters thrown out in front a few yards. The Vermonters are lying in a shallow trench which they have made around a copse of oaks. It is half a mile from Ziegler's Grove to the Third Corps, which holds the line south of

It is against this section of the Union army that Lee intends to hurl his divisions after he has battered the Union brigades by a terrible artillery fire.

PICKETT'S TROOPS. The troops selected to make the attack are

Pickett's North Carolinians, which have taken no part in the battle, on the right and Pettigrew's on the left. Trimble's Division composes the second line, Anderson's the third. The right flank is covered by Wilcox's and Perry's Brigades, the left by Thomas's and McGowan's Brigades. They form in the woods and wait for the artillery to do its part. THE CANNONADE.

It is five minutes past one when the signal guns are fired-three in succession-by Lee's headquarters. Instantly the whole line of Confederate cannon open fire-all the cannon north of Culp's Hill sending solid shot and shell upon Cemetery Hill; those along Seminary Ridge upon the Cemetery and Hancock's position. In the Cemetery one shell kills and wounds 27 men. The headstones are shivered. horses killed, stone wall knocked down, and the trees cut to pieces.

Gen. Meade's headquarters—the small house of Mrs. Leister, in rear of the ridge is in the line of fire from the 140 Confederate guns south

of the Seminary. One hundred solid shot and shell a minute tear across the ridge, a pitiless storm, riddling the house, bursting in the yard, disemboweling horses, ripping along the fences, tearing up the door step, striking bales of hay and bags of oats-forage for the horses of Gen. Meade and staff, crashing through baggage wagons, ambulances and caissons, tossing exhills south we see Gen. Hunt planting the Division of Hill's Corps is comparatively ploding shells into the air, adding confusion

> A soldier lying on the ground not far from body, numbering 15,000 men, he will strike me is suddenly whirled into the air. I hear the shrick of the approaching shell; the next moment the living form is a mass of mangled flesh, broken bones, and steaming gore.

For an hour and 40 minutes the terrible storm howls and rages, and then there comes a sudden silence on the part of the Union guns. Gen. Hunt, comprehending the intention of Lee that the cannonade is to be followed by an advance, wishing to have a supply of ammunition at the decisive moment, directs the batteries to cease firing, and the gunners throw themselves upon the ground beside their pieces. "There they come!" The soldiers in the Cemetery shout it as they see the Confederate lines emerge from the woods. Osborne's artillerymen spring to their feet, and the Cemetery

and Little Round Top suddenly become volcanoes. There are gaps in the Confederate ranks, but onward still they come. They reach the Emmittsburg road. Pickett's Division appears by Codori's house. All of Osborne's guns "Good! Bugler, blow your horn! Come in the Cemetery are at work now. Pickett ride by the side of Gen. Gregg. Turning batteries. Suddenly he faces east, descends the gentle slope from the road behind Codori's crosses the field, and comes in reach of the muskets of the Vermonters. The Green Monntain boys rise from their shallow trench, the men beneath the oak frees opening up from their low breastwork of rails. There is a ripple, a roll, a deafening roar. Yet the momentum of Stuart has Thompson's, W. H. F. Lee's, the Confederate column carries it on. It is be-Fitz Lee's and Jenkins's Brigades, -nearly coming thinner and weaker, but still advances. The Second Corps is like a thin blue ribbon. Will it withstand the shock? "Give them pike, and crosses the Bonoughton road. It canister! Pour it into them!" shouts Maj. Gen. Ewell has no artillery in position to is called the Low Dutch, or Salem Church | Charles Howard, running from battery to bat-

is almost up to the grove in front of Robinson's, It has reached the clump of scrub-oaks. It has drifted past the Vermont boys. Onward still. "Break their third line! Smash their supports!" cries Gen. Howard, and Osborne's and Wainwright's batteries send the fire of 50 guns into the column. The Cemelike Sinai on the great day of the Lord! The It would make this letter too long were I front line of Confederates is melting away, the second is advancing to take its place; but beyond the first and second is the third, which reels, breaks, and flies to the woods from whence

it came, unable to withstand the storm. Hancock is wounded, and Gibbon is in command of the Second Corps. "Hold your fire, boys; they are not near enough yet," says Gibbon, as Pickett's men come on. The first volley staggers but does not stop them. They From 11 till 1 o'clock there has been a go upon the run up to the breastwork of rails, strange silence over all the fields, broken | pushing Hancock's line to the top of the ridge.